A Canadian Trucker Named Bruce

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A Canadian Trucker Named Bruce

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Summary

Dean thinks he's communicating through an online dating site with an awesome and gorgeous woman. Turns out he's really talking to an awesome and gorgeous man. Dean's not as disappointed as he would've expected.

Impala67:

Hey, sexy.

Shay88:

First time?

Impala67:

Yeah.

Shay88:

My name is Shay. Utilize it.

Impala67:

Hey, Shay.

Shay88:

He's teachable.

Impala67:

I don't know why I said "hey sexy". Sorry.

Shay88:

You're nervous.

Impala67:

I usually just buy a girl a drink.

Shay88:

Buy me a virtual drink.

Impala67:

Uhh…what do you want to drink? Virtually?

Shay88:

An Old Fashioned.

Impala67:

Sure thing, Don Draper.

Shay88:

Don Draper is a douche.

Impala67:

Yes he is.

Shay88:

I'm on a mission to reclaim. I was drinking Old Fashioneds way before Douche Draper.

Impala67:

How old are you?

Shay88:

Older than the show Mad Men.

Impala67:

Right. TV show. Not actually set in 1950s.

Shay88:

Smart too. We could have some fun together.

Impala67:

So are we talking mini golf or adult fun?

Shay88:

Adult fun on the mini golf course.

Impala67:

Illegal, but I'm not saying no.

Shay88:

Who hasn't wanted to do the nasty under the breeze of the tiny

windmill?

Impala67:

But what about astroturf burn?

Shay88:

I never thought about that. Abort mission.

Impala67:

What do you say to a normal date?

Shay88:

Like dinner and movie? Utterly pedestrian. I shan't.

Impala67:

You shan't?

Shay88:

I shan't.

(. . .)

Impala67:

The zoo?

Shay88:

No. I don't like giraffes.

Impala67:

What's wrong with a giraffe?

Shay88:

Long-necked, purple-tongued, shifty bastards. Don't question me on this. I've thought it through extensively.

Impala67:

The ballet?

Shay88:

Dude, no.

Impala67:

I thought maybe you went for that highbrow, sophistication shit. You're a classy chick with your Old Fashioneds.

Shay88:

Yeah, well, tell that to my Cool Ranch Dorito breath.

Impala67:

Sexy.

Shay88:

You're weird.

Impala67:

But hot as hell.

Shay88:

(…)

I gotta go. Later.

Three Days Later

Shay88:

Rodeo.

Impala67:

You want me to take you to a rodeo?

Shay88:

10-4. When does the rodeo come to town?

Impala67:

The rodeo doesn't come to town.

Shay88:

Oh my god.

Impala67:

What?

Shay88:

I was thinking of a circus.

Impala67:

How did you confuse circus and rodeo?

Shay88:

They both have clowns.

Impala67:

You want me to take you to the circus?

Shay88:

Yes. When does this the circus come to town?

Impala67:

I don’t know.

Shay88:

Then what good are you?

Impala67:

None, clearly.

Shay88:

We must cease all communication.

Impala67:

Why do you talk like that sometimes?

Shay88:

Like what?

Impala67:

“Cease all communication” “10-4” you know…

Shay88:

I was in the Navy.

Impala67:

You were a sailor?

Shay88:

Naval Aviation.

Impala67:

Badass.

Shay88:

You serve?

Impala67:

No. Dad was a Marine.

Shay88:

You know what I never understood?

Impala67:

What?

Shay88:

Why Marines don’t work on submarines? For the linguistic symmetry alone.

Impala67:

Are you really only gonna let me take you out if I can find a circus?

Shay88:

Yes. It's the first test.

Impala67:

Test?

Shay88:

Yes. Can 'Dean Winchester find a circus' is the first test in his long Frodo-esque journey to the mountains of Shay-Dor.

Impala67:

Your boobs are the mountains of Mordor in this metaphor?

Shay88:

The mountains of Mordor are big, right?

Impala67:

Uh, yeah.

Shay88:

Then, yes, Frodo.

Impala67:

Hell, yeah.

Shay 88:

;)

A week later

Shay88:

Hey, Frodo.

Shay88:

Did the ring-wraiths get you?

(…)

Impala67:

Sorry. I've had a uh bad week.

Shay88:

Okay. Whose ass do I need to kick? The Navy taught me 67 ways to kill a man.

Impala67:

Haha.

Shay88:

Seriously, though, you okay?

Impala67:

My best friend and brother are in a fight and I don't know why.

Shay88:

Did you ask why?

Impala67:

No.

Shay88:

Go ask them, Frodo.

Impala67:

My brother told me to ask my friend.

Shay88:

Did you ask your friend?

Impala67:

He's with a "female".

Shay88:

A "female" what?

Impala67:

A female dick.

Shay88:

You lead an interesting life.

Impala67:

Sorry. His girlfriend just hates me. She doesn't like that we're friends. She doesn't approve of me.

Shay88:

She sounds like a female dick. Is he still your friend?

Impala67:

Yeah. I guess. I don't know.

Shay88:

A balloon animal.

Impala67:

What?

Shay88:

The first test is now bring me a balloon animal.

Impala67:

No circus?

Shay88:

The circus can suck it.

Impala67:

Hell of an image…so you'll go out with me?

Shay88:

Yep.

Impala67:

You're in Denver, right?

Shay88:

Until next Thursday.

Impala67:

I can be there by Tuesday.

Shay88:

Tuesday is tomorrow.

Impala67:

I want to see you.

Shay88:

Keep it in your pants, Frodo.

Impala67:

You want me to keep it in my pants?

Shay88:

Figure of speech.

Impala67:

What kind of balloon animal?

Shay88:

Surprise me.

Impala67:

Okay.

(…)

Shay88:

Penis.

Impala67:

Huh?

Shay88:

I want a penis-shaped balloon.

Impala67:

All right, penis girl. See you Tuesday.

Tuesday

Shay88:

You're not here yet, right, Frodo?

Impala67:

Half hour west of Limon.

Shay88:

Uh, dang.

Impala67:

Something come up?

Shay88:

No – I just. I don't know.

Impala67:

Second thoughts?

Shay88:

Maybe.

Impala67:

No pressure, ya know? I'm not expecting anything. I just, I don't know, I like you. I'd like to buy you a real Old Fashioned. That's it.

Shay88:

Do you have the balloon animal?

Impala67:

Surprisingly yes. My brother made it. He knew how to make a balloon dick. I learn new things about the kid everyday. What the hell did he major in at Stanford?

Shay88:

Okay.

(…)

Wait, no. I can't. I'm sorry.

Impala67:

Shay, please, talk to me. Are you all right?

(…)

Shay88:

Dean, I'm so sorry.

Impala67:

What do you have to apologize for?

Shay88:

I lied.

Impala67:

Your boobs aren't really the mountains of mordor?

Shay88:

Actually, yeah.

Impala67:

I'll get over it.

Shay88:

I'm a guy, Dean.

(…)

Impala67:

….what??

Shay88:

My name is Bruce Wilson. I'm a 26 year old trucker from Canada and I lost a bet to my douche bag Navy friends and they wanted me to screw with a straight guy on a dating site and I'm so, so sorry. I should never have done it. You're awesome and I suck.

(…)

Impala67:

I thought you were in the Navy?

Shay88:

I was.

Impala67:

Canada has a Navy?

Shay88:

Yes. The Royal Canadian Navy.

Impala67:

I don't know what to say.

Shay88:

Yell at me. Call me names. Report me to the Better Bureau of Dating Sites. Something.

Impala67:

I don't want to yell at you.

Shay88:

Why?

Impala67:

I don't know.

(…)

Impala67:

Were you lying about being in Denver?

Shay88:

No.

Impala67:

Do you still want your dick balloon?

Shay88:

Are you serious?

Impala67:

What the hell am I gonna do with a dick balloon? And if I'm gonna yell at you. I want to do it person and you're gonna buy me a pie.

Shay88:

What kind of pie?

Impala67:

Pecan. A whole one and I'm going to eat it and you get none of the pie and I'm going to yell at you. And possibly hit you over the head with a dick balloon. You enormous dick.

Shay88:

Fair enough. Sending you directions to a nearby Village Inn.

Impala67:

See you soon, penis guy.

Shay88:

You too, Frodo.

. . .

When Dean sees Bruce, it feels like a demon punched him in the ribs. He has wavy black hair, dark brown eyes and a few days worth of a beard. His dark purple shirt is rolled up over his tattooed forearms and tan suspenders run down his chest to his tight (too tight) black pants. Dean's mouth goes dry and he tries to swallow to wet it.

There's a pecan pie sitting on the table in front of Bruce and Dean has a blue balloon dick tucked under his arm. Dean plops down in the booth across from Bruce. Anger at what he did rising again.

"Damn," Bruce says.

"What?"

"I thought that was a model picture. That's really you. You're, you're beautiful."

Dean's mouth kind of falls open. He's never been called beautiful before, well that's not true. He has. By creeps and weirdos, who were saying it as a put down. Not like this. Not with sincerity and admiration.

"Here's your dick." Dean slides the balloon across the table. Bruce takes it and giggles. Like actually giggles. Why does the sound go right between Dean's legs? Dean needs to get laid and by a woman. Maybe he should try his chance with the waitress.

"Blue balls." Bruce laughs again and it takes Dean a second to get it and then they're both laughing. "Here's your pie, man."

Dean takes the pie, grabs a fork and digs in. The sweet sticky taste is perfect. It's been so long since he had pecan pie. "So are you like, uh, into dudes?"

Bruce nods. "I dig the ladies too."

Dean licks the tines of his fork carefully. "So are you gay or straight?"

“Seriously?”

Dean just blinks back at him.

“I’m bisexual.”

“You did what to a bicycle?”

“I like both guys and girls.”

“So you have like a lot of threesomes?”

Bruce laughs and this makes Dean’s ears turn red. He doesn’t like to be laughed at.

“Where’d you get your education on sexual orientation?”

Dean shrugs. “I never thought much about it.” It wasn’t entirely true. He’s looked at men before. He’s felt his body become aroused by men. Maybe not as often as it does for women, but it happens. Dean just pushes those thoughts away because he likes women, like really, really likes them, and that’s good enough for him. Well, mostly.

“You can like both guys and girls, Dean. Just like you can like both blondes and brunettes.”

“Doesn’t liking guys make you gay?”

Bruce shakes his head. “No but what’s so bad about being gay?”

“There’s nothing wrong with it.”

“As long as you’re not gay.”

Dean puts down his fork and glares at Bruce. “I didn’t say that.”

“I’m not attacking you, Dean. I have no right to do that. Not after what I did. I just think, I don’t know, liking dick doesn’t mean rainbows sprout out your ass. Your ride doesn’t turn into a unicorn. All your pants don’t magically transform into assless chaps and all the ACDC on your Ipod doesn’t turn into Lady Gaga’s Greatest Hits.”

“You don’t know me,” Dean says, but he can hear the defeat in his voice.

“I know I don’t, but I also know you didn’t come here to yell at me.”

“Why?”

“Because you haven’t yelled at me.”

“I was distracted by the pie.”

There’s a long pause and Bruce’s voice is low and gruff, “I’m distracted by you.”

“Shit, man. You can’t just say stuff like that.”

“Sorry.”

They sit in silence for a while. The waitress comes by and gives them both more coffee. Dean likes the way Bruce smiles politely at the waitress and calls her by name.

“Did you work things out with your friend?” Bruce suddenly asks.

“I haven’t heard from him.”

“He won’t call you back?”

“Uh, sure.”

“You didn’t call him, did you?”

“You know what else I didn’t do. Trick a dude into thinking he has been talking to a chick on dating site for two weeks. Because that was you.”

“Harsh but fair. For what it’s worth, I still think you should call your friend. He probably misses you.”

Dean snorts. “Doubt it.”

“I’d miss you.”

“Yeah, well, you’re gay for me.” Dean half-smiles. “Or bisexual for me.”

“That’s true.”

Bruce’s foot knocks into Dean’s under the table and he’s not sure why, but Dean knocks his foot back. Bruce’s lips quirk into a grin.

It’s weird how easily things slide into the groove they had texting. The

jokes fly back and forth and it's just smooth and simple. They end up talking about Star Trek.

"Kirk and Spock – now they had chemistry," Bruce says.

"Not this subtext shit again."

Bruce sighs. "That's not-"

"Not what?"

"That's not what subtext means."

"Tell that to Marie."

"I don't know who Marie is, but subtext is a serious narrative device. It's the truest true in a story. It's authorial intent revealed in the context of the narrative as a whole." Bruce takes a deep breath.

"Whoa, calm down there, pal."

"Sorry. I'm on a mission to educate."

Dean takes another bite of pie. "Why do you care so much about subtext?"

"I'm an aspiring author."

"You're a Royal Canadian Naval Airman trucker-slash-author?"

Bruce leans in and whispers, "I wear many hats, Dean Winchester."

Dean leans back. "What do you write?"

"Science Fiction and Fantasy. Nothing published yet though."

"You ever read the Supernatural books?" Dean's not sure why he asks. He doesn't really want the answer.

"A few of them…oh hey, you have the same name, as the main character. Dean Winchester. That's awesome." Bruce laughs. "You have a little brother named Sam. Holy shit. Is your best friend named, Castiel? No Cas would never ditch you for a female dick." Bruce chuckles again.

Dean takes a long drink of coffee and tries not to look to guilty. And tries even harder not to think about what Bruce said about Cas. Maybe

there's more to what's going on with Cas and Hannah? More to why Cas isn't around?

"Hell of a coincidence, huh?" Dean forces a grin.

There's a moment of silence and Bruce is looking down at his watch. "Damn it's late. We've been here three hours."

"No way."

Sure enough, Dean looks at his watch and they've been there three hours. Dean yawns.

"You get a motel around here?"

Dean rubs his hands over his eyes. "No, I forgot. I thought I was gonna come in here and hit you with a balloon dick and then leave."

"Well, shit man, there's a gun expo and hunter convention in town. I doubt you'll get a room this time of night."

Dean shrugs. "I've slept in my car before."

Bruce runs a hand through his hair. "Uh, I don't want to uh sound creepy or anything, but my house is like twenty minutes from here and I mean when you thought I was a girl-"

"Whoa, buddy."

"No, no. I don't mean- I just mean you were probably gonna stay with me then. I've got a guest room, cable and HBO. Stocked Fridge. No funny business. Scouts honor."

Dean laughs. "You were a Boy Scout?"

"I was. Got kicked out after the Troop Leader found me kissing his son."

Dean raises an eyebrow. "Is there no badge for that?"

"It's a real gap in the badge system." Bruce stands up and puts a large tip for the waitress on the table. "You in or out?"

"No funny business?"

Bruce grins. "Cross my heart." He grabs his balloon penis and then goes up to the cashier to pay for Dean's pie. Dean had eaten the whole

thing. Okay, that was kind of embarrassing.

Dean can't believe that he's going home with a dude. Well, he's not going home with him exactly. Not like that. He's just going to stay with a friend. In a separate room. It wasn't gay. Or bisexual.

Dean gets in the Impala and Bruce gets in his Jeep Wrangler and Dean follows Bruce the twenty minutes to his house. It's kind of out of the way, just up into the foothills. Bruce doesn't have any neighbors but pine trees, though they aren't too far from the city.

Dean steps out of his car and Bruce isn't far behind. "It's not much," he says. "But I like the solitude. Just like Ralph Waldo Emerson."

Dean laughs. "I thought you said you had cable and HBO."

"OK. So not exactly like Emerson."

Dean follows Bruce into the house and it's not what he expected at all. He expected a bare bones bachelor pad, but instead it's decorated kind of, um, adorable. It's all woodsy like one would expect with knotted pine and leather furniture, but there are squirrel cookie jars and a moose stuffed animal on the couch. There's a big screen TV, a plush brown rug and Dean laughs.

"What?" Bruce tosses the balloon dick onto the recliner.

"That." Dean points at a bison head on the wall, but it's not a normal stuffed bison head. It's a decapitated stuffed animal bison mount.

"I was going to buy a real one, but it made me feel like Joffrey Baratheon, you know with Ned Stark, nevermind." Bruce sighs. "This way, you get the effect without the murder of one of God's most majestic creatures."

Dean laughs. "You're something else… you got any beer?"

"I got wine."

"Wine? Seriously? What happened to Old Fashioneds?"

"Want some or not?" Bruce disappeared into the kitchen and came back around the corner with a bottle of red wine in his hand.

"What kind is it?"

Bruce looks at the bottle really seriously. "Uh, grape."

How Dean found a dude who knew even less about wine that he did, he'll never know. "Sure. Pour me a glass."

Dean and Bruce sit down on his big leather couch and watch reruns of Game of Thrones. Bruce's Joffrey mention has Dean in the mood for the show and Bruce indulges him willingly.

"I've said it once. I've said it a million times. That Joffrey is a dick."

It doesn't take long before they've drunk the whole bottle of wine and even though, Dean's clearly not drunk, he's just barely tipsy, he's right next to Bruce on the couch before he even realizes that one of them has moved. Dean laughs at something Bruce says even though he doesn't quite remember what it is. His hand falls on Bruce's thigh.

There's a moment of silence.

"Please don't," Bruce says breathily.

"Don't what?"

Bruce sighs. "I like you, Dean. Like more than I've liked anyone in a long time and I'd like to be your friend, but I don't think I'm gonna be able to do that if you keep touching me."

Dean's hand slides away. "Remember what you said earlier? About liking both guys and girls?"

"Yeah?"

Dean runs a hand through his hair. His heart is pounding. "I'm not sure, but I think that maybe I don't know. I might sometimes feel the same way… but I like girls more often. At least physically."

Bruce tenses. "That's fine, Dean. Few people don't have at least a bit of preference. I prefer men, but I've fallen for women before."

"Uh, that's interesting."

"What do you want, Dean?"

"I don't…"

Bruce turns toward Dean. His face is lit in perfect moving shadow by the television light. He's breathtaking in a way a man should not be. Dean can't help but stare at his lips.

“Tell me what you want.”

“You have a beard,” Dean mutters.

“I do, honey.”

The word ‘honey’ on Bruce’s lips feels like someone grabbed Dean’s lungs and yanked down on them. It’s an oddly good feeling.

“If you kissed me, would it feel weird?”

Bruce’s hand goes to Dean’s neck. “Want me to show you?”

Dean nods hesitantly. He can’t even remember what it’s like to feel so virginal but he doesn’t have too much time to think about it before Bruce’s strong mouth is on his.

Dean can’t remember ever being kissed like this before. He’s usually the one leading, taking charge, but Bruce is all control. His large hands cradle Dean’s face. His chapped lips move and bite and pull. There’s no urgency to it. It’s just really, really awesome. And the beard is scratchy but nice. Better than he expected.

Bruce pulls away and leans his forehead on Dean’s. “Weird?”

Dean nods. “Good weird.” Dean leans in to kiss Bruce.

Bruce responds immediately. This time things heat and boil over. Bruce’s hands are sliding into his hair and pulling. Dean is groaning and Bruce’s tongue is sliding over Dean’s teeth and running rough along Dean’s tongue. Bruce presses against Dean until they’re nearly lying on top of each other. Bruce is holding himself up though, so their bodies aren’t really touching. Dean is silently thankful for that.

“You’re mouth is incredible, Dean. It’s the best. Like A + mouth, Frodo.”

Dean feels that familiar sensation between his legs. His eyes widen.

“What is it, honey?” Bruce says as he kisses Dean’s chin. “You still with me?”

“I have a boner,” he blurts and blames it on the wine.

Bruce laughs and falls down to Dean’s side so it’s almost like they’re spooning. Like Dean is the little spoon. Wonderful.

Bruce kisses Dean's neck and then his mouth moves slowly up to Dean's ear where he nibbles at the lobe. Dean tries to stay silent, but a little purr like noise escapes and he considers running himself over with the Impala.

"I hate you," Dean mumbles.

"Uh huh." Bruce is softly licking the back of Dean's neck – like actually licking, just soft and dry – and it's so strange that Dean wants to tell him to stop but at the same time it's just really, really hot. "What did you want to do about your little situation, Frodo?"

"First of all, it's not a little situation. It's above average and I uh don't know."

"Well," Bruce is still lapping at Dean's neck, but the licks are slowly turning into sucks, "There's hand jobs." Bruce touches Dean's navel and presses down with his thumb.

"Uh."

"Blow jobs." Bruce licks and sucks a spot on dean's neck.

Dean just growls.

"Or, if you're more comfortable, you're welcome to go into the bathroom and take care of it yourself?"

He shakes his head. That sounds like the worst idea Dean has ever heard.

"I, uh."

"Dean, just ask for what you want. I've got you."

Dean takes a deep breath and works up the courage. "I want you to suck me but I'm not sure I'm uh ready to, you know, reciprocate."

Bruce kisses the back of Dean's neck. "This is new for you and you're doing so good for me, Dean. So good. I'll do what you need and you touch me in whatever way makes you feel comfortable even if that means not at all. Okay?"

Dean is shaking. "Okay. I'm sorry."

Bruce sits up and that forces Dean to sit up with him. "Don't be sorry, Dean."

“I’m not usually like this, I promise.”

“Hey,” Bruce gently lifts Dean’s chin so they’re looking at each other. “You’re wonderful.”

“I want to be awesome and badass.” Dean laughs nervously.

“You absolutely are.” Bruce stands up.

“Where you going?”

“To get a condom. I’ll be right back.”

Dean leans back on the couch and takes a deep breath. He needs this moment to get his head together. He just made out with a guy. A gorgeous, incredible guy who he is very attracted to if the evidence in his pants is anything to go by – and now said guy is going to come back here and-

Bruce is back with a blue wrapper n the palm of his hands. “You sure, Frodo?” He smiles and that helps put Dean at ease.

Dean takes a steadying breath and scoots forward on the couch. Bruce settles between Dean’s legs and opens the condom wrapper. Bruce reaches up and pops open the button of Dean’s jeans. He hooks his fingers around Dean’s pants and his boxers and pulls them down.

The cold air hits him and Dean gasps. “I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

“You don’t have to. If you want me to stop, just say stop. Or if you need me to slow down, just tell me. That’s all it takes. You’re safe, okay?”

Dean nods. Why was he being such a girl about this? Or, not a girl, because he rarely even saw girls act like this. Act so nervous. At least Bruce didn’t seem to care.

“I’m gonna put the condom on you now.” Bruce looked up at Dean and Dean looked back at him and nodded. Dean closed his eyes as he felt Bruce’s fingers on his dick and slide of the rubber.

“Scoot forward for me, honey.” Bruce tapped Dean’s leg and Dean slid forward as he was told.

Bruce started leaning his head toward Dean. “Wait,” Dean said.

Bruce stopped immediately. “Is everything okay? What can I do?”

Dean reached out and touched Bruce's hair. "Sorry. I'm fine. I just scared myself."

"It's not gonna be that different from when a woman does it, Dean."

Dean laughed. "Easy for you to say."

"You want me?"

Dean nods and shuts his eyes. He needs to just feel and not watch for the moment. Suddenly, there is warm suction around his dick. Slow, twists and turns of his tongue that make Dean shiver. Maybe Bruce should turn up the heat in here.

Bruce pulls off but keeps his lips right at the tip. "How are you, Dean? Talk to me."

Dean's never been good at talking and sex usually means not having to talk, but Bruce keeps pushing and for some reason Dean is liking the challenge. "Good. Shocked but good. I like it. I like you."

"Can you do something for me, Dean?"

"What's that?"

"This time, keep your eyes open. Watch me."

"I don't know."

Bruce kisses his dick and it's so sweet and caring that Dean wants to fold in on himself and disappear. "If you can't, that's okay, but can you try for me?"

Dean swallows and nods.

"Good boy."

Those words catch Dean off guard and he's not sure how to feel about them.

"Do you not like that?"

"No – I, uh, I do and that- I don't know how to feel about that."

Bruce licks the inside of Dean's thigh, one of the most sensitive parts on his body and Dean's not sure how Bruce just knew that. "It's okay to want praise, Dean. To want to feel proud. That's all it is. It doesn't

make you weak."

Dean is still shaking. He wishes it was voluntary and he could make himself stop. "I'm ready."

Bruce nods. "Watch me, honey."

Dean steels himself and keeps his eyes open as Bruce bobs down, opening his mouth around Dean's cock and sucking hard. Bruce is looking up at him and Dean is looking down at him. He can hardly believe what he's seeing. Believe how amazing it looks. How right.

Bruce is right. It's not much different than with women, except he can feel Bruce's stubble when he swallows him all the way. And it's better than with most women actually because most of them don't seem to enjoy it, where Bruce is, Bruce is sucking and licking and occasionally even – holy shit – nibbling like it's the most important thing he's ever done.

Bruce's pace is picking up and Dean's face is heating up. Dean's fingers are digging into the leather of Bruce's couch. Dean isn't saying anything coherent, just making groans and whimpers that match the movements of Bruce's mouth. Everything is getting hotter and faster and yes, yes, yes- until

"Bruce, I'm going to-" and Dean is coming. Hard. His head is thrown back, his mouth his open and when that tingling rush starts to wane, Dean looks down to see Bruce's mouth still around his softening dick. He just came in a dude's mouth. Holy mother of everything.

"Damn," Dean breathes.

Bruce pulls back and takes the condom with him. He tosses it in a nearby trash can and then grabs some tissue and hands it to Dean.

"You were so, so good, Dean."

Dean fights a smile and loses. "Uh, thanks."

As Dean is cleaning himself off, he notices the outline of Bruce's erection. He looks at it and then up at Bruce's face.

"Don't worry about it, honey. I can take care of it."

"Do you want to?"

"Well, I mean, if there are other options, but there's really no pressure,

Dean.”

Dean’s brow furrows and he stares and stares at Bruce’s erection. He wants to. He does, but his heart is pounding. “I don’t know. What if you, uh, touched yourself, but I watched?”

Bruce smiled. “You wanna watch me?”

Dean nods because it’s true.

“That’s amazing, Dean. You’re amazing.” He’s grinning as he unbuttons his pants and slides down his tight black briefs. Dean can’t help but watch. He’s seen other guys junk before but he’s obviously never looked. Not really and now he has all the permission in the world to just stare.

Bruce giggles the same way he did at the Village Inn.

“What?”

“Your concentration face is adorable.”

Dean glares. He is not adorable.

Bruce walks over to Dean while he’s touching himself. He drops his hand away and then moves it to the buttons of Dean’s shirt.

“This okay? I want to see you.”

Dean nods and lets Bruce make his way down the plaid shirt and then push it off Dean’s shoulders.

“You’ve got a tat.”

“Yup.”

“I like it.”

Bruce starts touching himself again. His strokes are fast and then slow, slow and then fast. Dean is keeping track and he’s not sure why. It’s not like they’ll do this again, is it?

“Dean, Dean.”

“Yeah?”

“I want-“

“What do you want?”

“I can’t-“

“Just ask,” Dean is suddenly feeling brave and generous. He wants to give some to Bruce just like Bruce gave for him. Not like a transaction, just like a kindness.

Bruce blushes and Dean loves it. It’s the first time he’s seen him shaken all night. “Can I, can I – you know – on you?”

Dean laughs. Bruce for all his sexy talk couldn’t even say “come”.

“That why you asked me to take my shirt off?”

“No, just gave me the idea.”

Dean’s saying, “Okay,” before he realizes what he is saying, but even when he gives himself time to think about it, he’s still okay with it.

Bruce is mumbling his name over and over and he’s stepping closer and Dean can tell, just tell, that Bruce is really, really close.

“Oh yes, Dean!” he shouts.

Dean jumps when he feels hot liquid splatter over his chest in four long pumps.

Bruce relaxes and looks at Dean, at his chest. “Absolutely beautiful, Dean.”

Dean’s face and ears turn bright red as Bruce is shifting over Dean and rubbing his hands through the mess, his fingers over Dean’s nipples, pushing it into Dean’s skin.

“Bruce, that’s too- please stop.”

Bruce immediately takes his hands away. “I’m so, so sorry. I just got carried away. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, man, not made of glass, just it’s a lot to process. I thought I was straight this morning.”

“I know.”

“I thought I was gonna get laid by a chick.”

Bruce sighs sadly. “I know.”

“Not that I’m disappointed.”

Bruce looks up at him with a tiny smile.

“Not disappointed. Just sticky.”

Bruce takes Dean’s hand and pulls him to his feet. “I have a Jacuzzi bathtub and bubbles.”

“I’m really going to have to turn in my man card, aren’t I?”

Bruce keeps pulling Dean toward the bathroom. “What do you want with a card that keeps you from warm, bubbly make-out baths? That sounds like a shitty card.”

Dean laughs as he easily follows Bruce into the bathroom. Today has been, well, educational – and pretty damn awesome.

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